

Wichita Daily Eagle

WOMAN AND HOME.

UNIQUE KEYSAKE MADE BY A DOT-
ING MOTHER FOR HER BOY.

Penitential Servitude of Wives—The Woman's Home—Salads for Farmers' Tables—Effect of Education on Women.

A Child's Attitudes.

Speaking of babies, said a lady the other day, a baby of my acquaintance will possess some day if he lives a treasure in the shape of a book prepared for him by his mother and entitled, "Baby's Kingdom." In the first place, she herself is an oddity, always "tired" and doing something nobody else ever did. The child was very popular where he lived. When he was born the fond parents had birth cards printed and mailed to their friends, announcing his arrival, name and weight. Floral offerings, telegrams and letters of congratulation began coming in thick and fast.

When the babe was 1 month old the mother procured a large book, which through her ingenuity has become a treasure. She cut out the pages, inserting instead rainbow tints, upon which she first pasted one of the birth cards and, flying toward it, a gilt-edged bearing an envelope on which was printed: "I bring good news." Flowers selected from the different tributes were pressed and arranged artistically on different pages, under which were neatly written the names of the senders and dates upon which received. All through the book, as far as it is completed, the diary gives a complete history of the child's life, portions of which are laughable.

The book contains the congratulations, the first and last portrait, portraits of his friends, with locks of their hair, name and age, a complete list of the presents received, which were numerous, and names of givers; a drawing of his hand when 4 months old, his exact measure at 6 months of age, names of all his callers, newspaper clippings concerning his lordship and monthly expense account. A few pages are devoted to scraps of his trousseau, an occasional bill of fare and many other keepsakes.

Several cousins, talented in the art of letter writing, sent to his address letters which were carefully tied with bits of ribbons to the pages; the first time the father had occasion to be out of town he also sent a special letter to his son and heir. When he was 8 months of age the mother was photographed, holding the babe naked in her arms. The child was brought up from the first on the water six times a day, wore caps like our great grandmothers did, has never been treated to a lump of sugar, does not know what candy is, has always been bathed, fed and put to sleep regularly by the clock, and as he has had an abundance of outdoor air he is in consequence a perfect picture of health.—Kansas City Times.

The Pecuniary Servitude of Wives.

Men who are ruled as honorable, upright citizens, dealing justly with their fellow men, will, when a question of money comes up, treat their wives, the mothers of their children, with less honesty than they do the tax collector, and with less consideration than they do their office boys. The children, when not granted a certain weekly allowance, are "tipped" occasionally, but nothing goes to the wife without some haggling, duplicity or humiliation on her part. Let it be understood that this is not a generalization, but a statement of fact, and that it is the pitiable state of things which is so widely prevalent in the discharging of money in the household and the wife's private purse.

Here is an instance: For twenty years Mrs. Brown had been a faithful wife and mother, a prudent, industrious housekeeper, and a woman much beloved and respected by all her friends. Mr. Brown was rated as a prosperous business man, and as generous as most men. But all this time Mrs. Brown had no money that she could absolutely call her own. The credit system prevailed, and if by any unusual means a piece of money passed into her unaccounted palm it had to be scrupulously accounted for to the chancellor of the domestic exchequer. She was a long suffering woman, but her soul had chafed and worn against the yoke that was sick and sore. Still, she had a self respect, even under those degrading conditions, to wheedle, lie or descend to small deceptions to gain her ends, and she abhorred a "scene" as much as any man living. So the little girl who felt like sending to a friend the few flowers she had found, the bit of daisies to cover a chair seat, or the small surprise for the children, had to be passed by with sometimes a rising lump in her throat, which even at times developed into a "good cry" in private. Still, she made no remonstrance. She was proud in a certain way, and she believed the existing state of things irrevocable.—Alice K. Ives in Forum.

The Womanly Woman.

The masculine woman is strong only with other women and with the masculine men. The womanly woman conquers every one. With men her power is in the inverse ratio of her approach to anything resembling themselves; the woman, not the man, in her attractive, and singularly enough, her power is greater with most women also from the fact that she can give the feminine side. This, however, is a very insignificant matter beside the circumstance that a woman is fulfilling her destiny and living the life appointed her, and developing herself on the lines of nature by keeping in view the greater use she can be and the greater joy she can give through the exercise of those traits which seem to have been set apart for her characterization.

And if it is the intention of nature that the qualities of the sexes shall so differentiate it is not the part of wisdom for her to contravene such intention and make of herself that conglomerate and hybrid thing a masculine woman. The old story of the vine and the oak does not come into this question. In the womanly woman the growth is as strong and integral and self-supporting as it is in the manly man. She is as distinct an entity and she is more in union with eternal purposes and the creative power of the more utterly and thoroughly she is womanly.—Harper's Bazar.

Salads for Farmers' Tables.

The men and women of our farming communities do not live as well as they might. With the bountiful supply of vegetables, fruits and grains that grow about their doors it is strange that they are willing to go on from day to day, year in and year out, summer and winter, eating the same dishes, the bacon and corn bread, with the inevitable potato thrown in, and the never failing apple pie by way of finish. Somehow there is an idea among us that to care for one's diet, to bestow time and thought in its selection and preparation, is beneath the mind of a sensible person. This notion is a remnant of the old Puritan belief that our bodies are "vessels of earth," and ought to be kept under strict control and crucified or tortured in every possible manner.

But surely the farmer who tills the soil and raises the food for all the people ought to enjoy the good things that his labor produces. Instead of which he raises beef and fowls for city folk, while he is satisfied with bacon, weeds and corn. He never enjoys an apple, a plum, a vegetable and sends the best and earliest away, while he keeps for himself and his children only

what the town folks will not eat. And farmers' wives are somewhat to blame for this state of affairs. If they would take pains to tempt their families with the savory stews and dainty salads that are made from so many herbs or vegetables they would soon change this state of affairs and walk a needed revolution.—Elizabeth Palmer Matthews in Good Housekeeping.

A Child's Attitudes.

There are parents and guardians who require of children a precise answer to every question put to them, forgetting that exactness of detail is not an attribute of a child's character, and that even sensations which have a painful or a vague quality it is impossible to locate them in a particular cross.

I recall the case of a little girl, scarcely 4 years of age, who every day became fretful and peevish over very simple tasks, but which, nevertheless, were rather too much for her. "What is the matter with you?" "I don't know," she answered, whimpering. "What hurts you?" "My head."

"Does it ache?" "No." "Where does it feel bad?" "I don't know. I feel bad." "Is it here?" I said, putting my hand on her forehead. "No, it is not there."

"Well, it is here, or here, or here?" I said, touching other parts of her head.

"No, it is in none of those places." "Well, then, it is not in your head at all, is it?" "Yes, I feel bad in my head." Then she repeated over and over again, "I feel bad, I feel bad," until she worked herself up into quite a fit of hysteria, and was sent by her mother as a naughty child who did not know what was the matter with her, and who simply did not want to learn her lessons.—Youth's Companion.

Effect of Education on Women.

Given a robust and healthy woman of 17 or 18 years of age, there can be no harm in continuing her education till she is one or two-and-twenty. At the same time the objects and methods of her education might well be different from those of men. Female Beutleys and Parsons, Newtons and Herschels will certainly not be numerous, and if signs of such commanding genius display themselves by all means let the genius be cultivated to the utmost.

But every girl might be so taught that her mind, instead of being devoted to frivolous objects, should be educated in the true sense of the term, and made to recognize the importance of early training and the value of application to useful objects in order that she may begin betimes to teach without strain or effort her offspring.

The arts at least are freely open to her. The point when harm is produced is when weak or dull girls are made to work beyond their strength, and whether weak or strong it must always be remembered that suitable recreation is demanded. Finally, it must not be forgotten that sound, common sense is better in the affairs of life than much knowledge, and that women are not fitted for public appointments.—New York Ledger.

Shopping Not So Extravagant.

Said a woman, talking about men's ideas concerning women and their shopping: "Why will you men persist in misrepresenting us? Now, don't you know that a woman by her frequent visits to stores and shops, and her constant watchfulness over goods, fashions and prices, keeps herself so familiar with them that she is prepared at a moment's notice to start out to buy car loads of anything that comes under the head of shopping? She knows just where to go, knows the cost of everything, in fact can quote you figures in her list as accurately and as generously as your stock broker with his 'shares' and 'longs,' his 'grangers,' his 'trunk lines' and his 'specials.' (You see I know some of the terms. I will not tell you whether I know what they mean.) And when you men say anything done in the way of this much more than you men do, you run to a woman to do it for you? Isn't it true that 'way down in your hearts you know that she can lay more for less money in half a day than a man can in two weeks? The man did not know whether this was all true or not, but he himself proudly declared that it was.—New York Tribune.

A Pretty Lamp Shade.

A very pretty lamp shade may be made of satin or taffeta ribbon, with white cotton lace or embroidered net. This lace is used in the center, and the ribbon, but a trifle expensive may be dyed scarlet, yellow, pale green or any artistic color desirable. After drying it match it in the ribbon, as dyes are not always certain of exactly the shade they may hit in their work. Make the lamp shade three times the circumference of the frame on which it is to rest; put alternately rows of lace and of ribbon. When it is of sufficient width shir it with four or five rows of gathering into shape at the top, leaving a little standing ruffle about an inch wide of double single ribbons. The ribbons should all be in the satin on the ribbon. The new brass frames for these silk shades are so ventilated at the top that the heat of a Rochester does not scorch them or turn the color of the most delicate silk.—Exchange.

The Perfection of Table Manners.

These are the dishes that, upon her order, were brought for her dinner: "Turtle soup," "blue fish," "roast beef," "cold baked capon," "fried chicken," "lobster salad," "stuffed green peppers," "baked potatoes," "stringed beans," "Newburg sauce," "plum," "plate of cake," "wine jelly," "ice cream," an "orange," a "banana," and a "cup of coffee." Each of these being on a separate dish, altogether they occupied considerable space upon the table. She did not sit at the table of any of them, but she did not feel any of them. There was no more food to eat, but she was not so fastidious as to refuse to eat what she wanted and as though she wanted it. And yet she did not appear to be eating at all. This is the perfection of table manners. And she knew how to change a disagreeable conversation into a pleasant one.—Saratoga Cor. Albany Journal.

The Art of Conversation.

The art of conversation is to some women a gift. Like the poet, they are full with their glorious powers. But many women who converse intelligently and pleasantly have become masters of the art by patient care and study. Even persons of ordinary ability will find upon making the effort that there it is not a gift by no other deficiency can be so well supplied.

It is considered a disgrace for a Mexican lady to earn her own living. The men do the housework. If a young lady should learn stenography and typewriting or should try in any manner to earn her own living she

would be ostracized socially. There are many hairdressers there, and there are many Mexican hairdressers who make their living by dressing the hair of the ladies. Indolent spendthrifts, and the ladies fall in love with them. A Mexican woman's beauty fades early, and when a wealthy heiress marries one of these men she never lives long. I don't know why, says a correspondent. When she dies her husband invariably marries another wealthy girl. I call to mind one man in the City of Mexico who married three heiresses in quick succession. He became one of the richest men in that part of the country; but when he died he was poor. Once he visited the United States, and at every city he stopped, instead of writing home, he would telegraph long messages. Hundreds of words. At one place his telegraph bill was \$600. This is but a sample of his extravagance. He would lose fortunes at the gambling table. He was finally killed in a quarrel.—New York Telegram.

The Children's Feet.

It is the part of the wise mother to carefully watch the feet of the little ones during their tender years. "Keep the head cool and the feet warm" is a faithful admonition, especially adapted to the children. With many woolen stockings should be avoided altogether, especially when they cause itching or sweating of the feet. Perspiration will be absorbed by the wool, making of the stocking a cold, clammy mass, more to be dreaded than the most tempting "mud puddle." Equip such children with linen, sublimated cotton hose, providing woolen anklets or leggings, if thought best, and their feet will be warm and dry, except for outward wetting.—Cor. Good Housekeeping.

Birthdays and Their Significance.

January—Garnet: Faithfulness.
February—Amethyst: Sincerity; peace of mind.
March—Bloodstone: Firm and brave.
April—Diamond: Pride and innocence.
May—Emerald: Success in love.
June—Agate: Eloquence and amiability.
July—Ruby: Courage and a cheerful mind.
August—Sardonyx: Conjugal felicity.
September—Sapphire: Chastity and innocence.
October—Opal: Pure thoughts.
November—Topaz: Fidelity.
December—Turquoise: Success and happiness.—Jacquard's Souvenir.

A Home Made Lounge.

A luxurious divan can be successfully made on a canvas covered cot. A bundle of "excelsior," a long upholsterer's needle, a ball of twine, chintz or cretonne and patience are the requisites for this undertaking. To fasten the tuftings cover button molds with the cretonne or other material of the cover. Tack a valance to hang to the floor, edging it top and bottom with a narrow plaiting of the stuff. Make three or four stiff, square cushions to lean against the wall at the back, and have several soft pillows covered with silk or satin.—New York World.

Every Girl Should Know.

Mrs. Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota, like Mrs. Payne, is a strong advocate of the practical in the education of girls. "I believe," she said, "that above everything else every girl, I care not what her circumstances in life may be, should be educated to earn her own living. In this country, where reverses of fortune are so sudden and so frequent, this must ever be the most important part of education for the girl as well as the poor."—Chicago Tribune.

A baby has been born at Lancaster, N. H., which weighed only two and one-half pounds, and which has not increased in weight since its birth. It is so small that an ordinary finger ring can be put on its arm to the shoulder and a tea cup can be put over its head to its shoulders. The child is doing well, and in the opinion of the doctors, stands as good a chance of living as the average baby of its age.

Mrs. Elizabeth Miles, of Colera, Ala., is the victim of a remarkable delusion. She imagines that she is Mrs. Grover Cleveland and that her husband is still president. Miss Miles met Mrs. Cleveland three years ago and became attached to her. She fell from her horse a year ago, which time she has been possessed of the hallucination. She was taken to the state asylum recently.

Our sense of superior delicacy is, after all, a tremendous moral support. Many of us would rather be called criminal than coarse. To be known as uncouth is the pit of social degradation. Convince the half-nude waltzing woman that she is not a lady but a savage, and she will clothe herself and invent a new dance.—Eliza Phelps in Forum.

"No women in the world are more alert and capable than the women of New York city," says an Englishman visiting in this country. He is a discerning man. Of what other city could it be said that 37,000 able bodied men are supported by their wives?—New York Tribune.

Chestnut hair matches wonderfully with the color of the complexion most common in Europe; its dulled and faint red is in perfect harmony with that yellow mingled with half tints of blue and rose color which is the usual tint of the skin.

It is by no means unusual to see a tiny tomato on a French bouquet, two or three brown potatoes on a broad brimmed hat, or cranberries and strawberries imitating nature, until they look quite good enough to eat, used as trimmings.

There are now 120 women in the Berlin telephone exchange. It has been decided to use only women in the future, as it has been found that their voices are much more audible than men's, owing to the higher pitch.

Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody, of Boston, who first introduced the Froebel system of kindergarten education, is nearly 20 years of age. She is stronger mentally than physically and retains her interest in educational matters.

Few ladies consider that they carry some forty or fifty miles of hair on their head; the fair haired may even have to dress twenty miles of threads of gold every morning.

The Wealthy Ice Man.

The other morning an ice man, after firing three or four oaks of ice into the kitchen of an uptown restaurant, entered the latter place and ordered "one top sirloin, fried potatoes, or cup of coffee and some toasted bread." "Does he do that often?" the waiter was asked. "Yes, every morning. Those fellows make a lot of money besides their wages. They can give you points on getting tips," he sadly said.—Chatter.

Complacency in Modern Athens.

A smile as big as a barn door adorns the Boston countenance when it reads of the social aspirations of some of the people who have gone to London this season. It appears to the self-assured Bostonian that society in that vast town is nothing if not democratic, and he no longer wonders at the attraction it possesses when everybody who isn't anybody sneezes without difficulty in getting into it.—Boston Herald.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THERE ARE MANY USES FOR SAPHOLIO.

EVERYBODY USES IT.

EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

TWILIGHT IN BORDERLAND.

The sky is aglow with the sunset light. And scattered his diamonds upon the sea. Dropping his crown of pearls on the robe of night. And his tears on the flower's pink and white. Yet I leave them, mother, and fly to thee.

Over field and woodland and dark ravine My spirit is borne on its pinions fleet. Till I clasp your hand and our glad eyes meet. Then we wander away in a glorious dream. And float and float in a mystical stream. To a realm unknown to mortal feet.

We bank in that wonderful region of light. We are filled and thrilled with love's sweetest zone. While we drink of a bliss to some unknown. Oh, what do they know of pure delight. Whose souls never stretched out their wings in flight. Who never have found and embraced their own.

Swimming Devices.

A Spaniard has patented an invention relating to the manufacture of gloves, having webs between the fingers, like those on the feet of water fowl, so that on spreading out the fingers during the propelling stroke in swimming a comparatively large surface will be presented to the water, and consequently the propelling action will be greatly increased. Apparatus heretofore devised as aids to swimming have been in most cases of a cumbersome, heavy character, fatiguing to use and subject to become defective. The inventor claims that his apparatus is exceedingly simple, besides being portable and reliable and easy to use, affording a firm and sure hold on the water, and enabling the swimmer not only to keep himself above the water, but also to perform rapid evolutions with facility.

Another method of facilitating swimming is reported from England in the shape of an invention of a swimming boot. The boot consists of canvas top and wooden soles, attached to which are two blades of mahogany (some are made of steel), which close with the forward motion of the legs and open with the backward strokes. The surface measurement of the two blades on each shoe is about 144 square inches, while the total weight of a single complete shoe is about thirty-one pounds. It being loaded with lead to prevent too much buoyancy. A public competition of swimmers provided with this device and those without it is said to have resulted much in favor of the former.—Chicago Tribune.

Locusts Easily Digested.

The people of Lanzarote should stand high for the comprehensive character of their cuisine. Among other delicacies are small monkey and fruit eating bats. Locusts are relished by the Beduin of Mesopotamia and some other eastern tribes. They are placed on strings and eaten on journeys with bitter and un-leavened bread. The Hebrews, who were prohibited eating many kinds of food which our larger experience teaches us are palatable and wholesome, as well as some that we do not venture to touch, were permitted to have their fill of locusts.

The locust is an article of diet to this day, but only of the very poor; it is thrown into boiling water and eaten with salt. To live on locusts and wild bread conveys a more accurate picture of extreme poverty and frugality to a traveler in the east than to any one else. Locusts, however, are not always cooked, sometimes they are eaten fresh. They are said to have a strong vegetable taste, the flavor largely depending, as might be expected, on the plants on which they have been feeding. Dr. Livingstone, who showed his common sense by not being fastidious, considered them palatable when roasted.—Scottish Review.

A Democratic Duke.

The late Duke of Manchester, when on his first visit to Australia, in 1879, was entertained by the colonists in a princely fashion. In Queensland the weather was intensely hot, and the duke left his party and rode ahead in his shirt sleeves (with his coat strapped before him) and wearing a soft felt hat. On his arrival at the bush public house he found a crowd awaiting him. One bushman, stepping up to him, said: "Halloo, have you seen the duke? Will he be here?"

The peer replied: "I am the Duke of Manchester." The bushman surveyed his visitor, walked around the horse, and after a critical inspection said before the crowd: "You're no blooming duke! Tab-leau.—London Tit Bits.

A pretty sight often seen on St. Charles avenue, New Orleans, is a little boy riding his bicycle with his black and tan dog standing behind him. The dog holds on by resting his front paws on his master's neck, and appears to have no fear, no matter how rapidly they travel. The other day the dog grew weary of the sport before the boy, so without any ado he tucked his head down on the boy's shoulder and went to sleep.

Banker Kennedy, of New York, recently purchased for \$70 the original manuscript of the great war of Scotland, "Scott's War." He showed, however, rare magnanimity and offered this invaluable relic to the city of Edinburgh for the sake he has given for it. The lord provost gladly accepted the offer, and the town council awarded a vote of thanks to Mr. Kennedy.

The manufacture of cotton goods in Cayton has for the last few years made remarkable progress. The island produces well to become as dandified a rival to India in that branch of industry as in the cultivation of tea. Wages are even lower there than in India.

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